TPS-006 Script

(Dod, Snippy and a Ry are sitting down watching TV)

Dod: HAHAHA! THAT GUY IS FUNNY!

Snippy: Sure is!

Ry: We've been watching this all day. Can't we watch something else?

Snippy: Shhh!

Joker: You ain't never seen nothing like this. Huhfhdjsjdudjdjssjdhdjdndhdjsnsba!!!!!!!!

(Dod and Snippy laugh)

Dod: LOL! This guy is so funny!

Snippy: I almost killed myself laughing!

Ry: What's this?

(A commercial!)

Ry: Hey, guys come look!!

(Harry, Snizzy, Nashville, Pumpy, Gorga, and Coach Squidward Pheekers run in)

Snippy: It's this commercial for a dish washer.

(The commercial song plays)

People in commercial: If you don't want dirty dishes, clean in water like the fishes, Roy McRayzer's Dishwasher, just call 1-800-WASHER (1-800-927-437)

Harry: Wow! That sound was kind of catchy.

Coach Squidward Pheekers: Maybe we SHOULD buy it.

Dod: How do we know it's not false advertising?

Nashville: They look pretty reliable.

(LATER)

Ry: The dogs are nearly done.

Snizzy: SNIZZY HUNGRY FOR BROWN SLUSHE!!!!!!!

Ry: No, Snizzy. These are dogs. I'm cooking them. They're nearly done.

(Harry watches the hot dogs get cooked while singing)

Dod: Wow" Harry. You already know that song!

Harry: I like it, so I try to learn it.

Snippy: Boys will be boys I guess.

(LATER that night)

(Harry is still humming the song)

Dod: Harry, can you stop singing that song already?!?

Harry: I'll try.

(The next morning)

Dod: (Tired, just woke up) Huh? Where's my blue light?

Dod: (Energized) Oh! It's 11:23 AM?!

(LATER)

(Gorga squawks questioningly.)

Snippy: Harry was singing that stupid song all night.

(Gorga cheeps a few more times.)

(Harry hums the song while getting breakfast)

Harry: No! I got the song stuck in my head!

Dod: Oh, no, Harry!

Snippy: What should we do, Gorga.

(Gorga squawks)

Snippy: He's right! Maybe Madame Judy will know what to do!

(LATER)

Snippy: Madame Judy?

Madame Judy: Hello! But I'm Madame Judy. Your good advice painter.

Snippy: What were you doing?

Madame Judy: I was just helping Toad with his Ryuta Kawashima.

Snippy: I didn't know we...

Dod: Harry has a problem.

Harry: I can't get a song out of my head!

Madame Judy: Try singing a different song.

Harry: OK.

(Harry hums Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star)

Dod: Did it work?

Harry: Let's see

(Harry hums the commercial song)

Harry: No!

(LATER)

Dod: OK, Harry. Let's play Charades.(edited)

(Dod whispers in Harry's ear.)

(Harry pretends to be a butterfly.)

(He calls it quits.)

Dod: Harry, what's wrong?

Harry: The song's stuck in my head!

Dod: Well that didn't work.

(5 DAYS LATER)

Harry: The song is stuck in my head for good!

Snippy: Not for good! I invented an item that will extract unwanted guests from your head instantly!

Harry: Really! I need that.

(Snippy puts the suction cup on Harry's head)

Harry: It's working! It's working!

Nashville: Sing that commercial song!

Harry: What commercial song?

(Everyone cheers in delight)

(Snippy accidentally tosses his machine, and it falls to the ground and breaks. The musical notes fly back into Harry's head and he dances.)

Snippy: NOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!

Harry: I'll never get the song out of my head!

(Harry breaks into tears, sobbing)

Dod: Harry, I know you're having a rough day.

Harry: Uh-huh.

Dod: And I know how to deal with it.

Harry: Well, how.

Dod: Like this. Hit it, Nashville!

(Nashville strums his guitar)

(SONG BREAK)

Harry: You do?

Do: Uh-huh.

(BREAK)

Harry: What!?

Dod: You try.

Harry: I can't remember all that! That'll... Hey... Maybe it's like a Rubik's cube!

Dod: Uh-huh. You won't do anything else until you complete your mission!

Harry: Yep!

Dod: Nice hitting, Nashville

Nashville: Thanks, Dod.

Harry: Yeah, thanks Dod! And thank YOU Nashville for that wonderful piece.

I'm a little goldfish

I've got fins

I've got a tail

I'm a little goldfish

I bark like a dog

I swim like a fish

Because I... Am... A Goldfish!

Harry: Hey...

Snippy: Oh, no!

Dod: He's not gonna do it, is he?!

Harry: I'm a platypus! Meow!

Snippy: Oh, no!

Dod: Here we go again!

(THE END)